The Bondman Continued Story. By HALL CAINE.

# **\*\*\***

CHAPTER IV.-(Continued.) "Come, then," said Jason, "the guards have gone that way to Reykjavik. It's this way to Thingvellirover the hill yonder, and through the Chasm of All Men, and down by the lake to Mount of Laws."

Then Jason wound his right arm about the waist of Sunlocks, and Sunlocks rested his left hand on the shoulder of Jason, and so they started out again over that gaunt wilderness that was once a sea of living fire. Bravely they struggled on, with words of cour age and good cheer passing between them, and Sunlocks tried to be strong for Jason's sake, and Jason tried to be blind for sake of Sunlocks. If Sunlocks stumbled, Jason pretended not ed and watched five years to requite to know it, though his strong arm bore | him." him up, and when Jason spoke of water and said they would soon come to a whole lake of it, Sunlocks pretended that he was no longer thirsty. Thus, like little children playing at make-believe, they tottered on, side by side, arm through arm, yoked together by a bond far tighter than ever bound them before, for the love that was their weakness was God's own strength.

But no power of spirit could take the place of power of body, and Sunlocks grew faint and very feeble. "Is the sun still shining?" he asked at one time.

"Yes," said Jason.

1-

Whereupon Sunlocks added, sadly, "And am I blind-blind-blind."

"Courage," whispered Jason, "the lake is yonder. I can see it plainly. We'll have water soon.' "It's not that," said Sunlocks, "but | joy.

something else that troubles me." "What else?" said Jason.

"That I am blind, and sick, and have a broken hand, a broken heart, and a broken brain, and am not worth sav-

ing.' "Lean heavier on my shoulder, and wind your arm about my neck," whispered Jason.

"They must-they shall," said Jason. "But the governor himself may be one of them," said Sunlocks. "What matter?" said Jason. "He is a hard man-do you know who he is?"

"No," said Jason; but he added quickly, "Wait! Ah, now I remember. Will he be there?"

"Yes." "So much the better."

"Why?" said Sunlocks. And Jason answered, with heat and

flame of voice, "Because I hate and loathe him." "Has he wronged you also?" said

Sunlocks. "Yes, said Jason, "and I have wait-

"Have you never met with him?" "Never! But I'll see him now. And

if he denies me this justice, I'll-" "What?"

At that he paused, and then said quickly, "No matter.'

But Sunlocks understood and said, "God forbid it."

Half an hour later, Red Jason, still carrying Michael Sunlocks, was passing through the Chasm of All Men, a grand, gloomy diabolical fissure opening into the valley of Thingvellir. It was morning of the day following his escape from the Sulphur Mines of Krisuvik. The air was clear, the sun was bright, and a dull sound, such as the sea makes when far away, came up from the plain below. It was a deep multitudinous hum of many voices.

Jason heard it, and his heavy face lightened with the vividness of a grim

# CHAPTER V. THE MOUNT OF LAWS.

And now, that we may stride on the faster, we must step back a pace or in an empty still. Two rescuers also two. What happened to Greeba after succumbed. Nevertheless, Allen insistshe parted from her father at Krusivik, and took up her employment as nurse to the sick prisoners, we partly know already from the history of Rer Jason and Michael Sunlocks. Accused of unchastity, she was turned away from the hospital; and suspected of collusion to effect the escape of some prisoner unrecognized, she was ordered to leave the neighborhood of the Sulphur Mines. But where her affections are at stake a woman's wit is more than a match for a man's cunning, and Greeba contrived to remain at Krisuvik. For her material needs she still had the larger part of the money that her brothers, in their scheming selfishness, had brought her, and she had her child to cheer her solitude. It was a boy, unchristened as yet, save in the secret place of her heart, where it bore a name that she dare not speak. And if its life was her shame in the eyes of the good folk who gave her shelter, it was a dear and sweet dishonor, for well she knew and loved

#### "Yes, who is he?" the Captain asked. TALMAGE'S SERMON And Greeba answered, after a pause, 'His own brother."

"We might have thought as much," said the Captain. There was another pause, and then Greeba said, "Yes, his own brother, who has followed him all his life to

kill him.' (To be continued.)

Botanical Experiments. Some curious botanical experiments

made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in the water, was inverted, shows the importance of prompt action specimens being placed with the leaves in anything we have to do for ourselves of opposition. buried in the sand and the roots float- or others; text, Ecclesiastes xi, 4, "He ing in the water in strong light. The that observeth the wind shall not roots changed to stems and leaves, sow." the buried parts became roots.

## Pan American Congress.

are encouraged in the hope that the Pan-American congress at Mexico will The wheat is in the barn in sacks meet after all with a full attendance of the republics of the two continents. Exchanges now in progress are in is not favorable. It may blow up a such satisfactory shape that the department expects that Chile, on the wet if he starts out for the sowing; or one side, and Peru and Bolivia on it may be a long storm, that will wash the other, will compromise their dif- out the seed from the soil; or there ficulties .- Philadelphia Times.

I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, the mother of Ignorance and Melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all that know not this happiness.-Heinsius.

## Medal for Great Bravery.

William Allen, a workman in a patent fuel factory in Sunderland, has been given a gold medal as the bravest man in England during the year 1900. On March 15 of that year a fellow workman was overbowered by fumes ed on being lowerd into the still and

"PROMPT ACTION" THE SUB-JECT LAST SUNDAY.

"He That Observeth the Wind Shall Not Sow," Ecc. XI., 4-The Courage of Convictions a Primary Virtue in Man-Be Bold for the Right,

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, June 23 .- From a passage of Scripture unobserved by most readers Dr. Talmage in this discourse

What do you find in this packed sentence of Solomon's monologue? I find in it a farmer at his front door exam-The officials of the state department | ining the weather. It is seedtime, His fields have been plowed and harrowed. ready to be taken afield and scattered. Now is the time to sow. But the wind storm before night, and he may get may have been a long drought, and the wind may continue to blow dry weather. The parched fields may not take in the grain, and the birds may pick it up, and the labor as well as the seed may be wasted. So he gives up the work for that day and goes into the house and waits to see what it will be on the morrow. On the morrow the wind is still in the wrong direction, and for a whole week and for a month. Did you ever see such a long spell of bad weather? The lethargic and overcautious dilatory agriculturist allows the season to pass without sowing, and no sowing, of course, no harvest. That is what Solomon means when he says in his text, "He that observeth the

## Crisis Was Not Met.

wind shall not sow."

There comes a dark Sabbath morning. The pastor looks out of the window and sees the clouds gather and then discharge their burdens of rain. Instead of a full church it will be a hand- the Bethlehem caravansary testify. See ful of people with wet feet and drip- the vilest hate pursue him to the borping umbrellas at the doorway or the ders of the Nile! Watch his arraignend of the pew. The pastor has pre-A London physician called on a pared one of his best sermons. It has how they belie his every action, mislady the other day to offer to vaccinate cost him great research, and he has interpret his best words, howl at him her child. The lady refused. "May I been much in prayer while preparing with worst mobs, wear him out with ask," said the doctor, "what your ob- it. He puts the sermon aside for a clear jection is?" The lady said she feared day and talks platitudes and goes the transmission of disease. "But, home quite depressed, but at the same madam," said the doctor, "we use the time feeling that he has done his duty. | midnight shadows, and the rocks shook purest calf-lymph." "Then, Doctor He did not realize that in that small into cataclysm, and the dead started -," replied the lady, "that settles it, audience there were at least two per- out of their sepulcher, feeling it was sons who ought to have had better no time to sleep when such horrors treatment. One of those hearers was | were being enacted. a man in a crisis of struggle with evil Thirty-eight inventors have taken appetite. A carefully prepared discourse under the divine blessing would have been to him complete victory. The fires of sin would have been extinguished, and his keen and brilliant mind would have been consecrated to the gospel ministry, and he would have been a mighty evangel, and tens of thousands of souls would have, under the spell of his Christian eloquence given up sin and started a new life, and throughout all the heavens there would have been congratulation and hosanna, and after many ages of eternity had passed there would be celebration among the ransomed of what was accomplished one stormy Sunday in a church on earth under a mighty gospel sermon delivered to 15 or 20 people. But the crisis I speak of was not properly met. The man in struggle with evil habit heard that stormy day no word that moved him. He went out in the rain uninvited and unhelped back to his evil way and down to his overthrow. Had it been a sunshiny Sabbath he would have heard something worth gospel husbandman noticed it and acted upon its suggestion and may discover some day his great mistake. He had a sack full of the finest of the wheat, but he withheld it, and some day he will find, when the whole story as a member of its matriculation is told, that he was a vivid illustration of the truth of my text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

Some of us remember as boys huzzaing when Kossuth, the great Hungarian, rode up Broadway, New York. Most Americans were in favor of tak- dragon shalt thou trample under feet." ing some decided steps for Hungary. The only result of such interference would have been the sacrifice of all hemisphere somewhere to balance the good precedent and war with European old hemisphere, or it would be a lopnations. Then Daniel Webster, in his sided world. And I have found out, immortal "Hulsemann lettter," braved | not by calculation, but by observation, a whiriwind of popular opinion and saved this nation from useless foreign entanglement. Webster did not observe the wind when he wrote that letter. So is peculiar. The most favored have in state and church there have always been pelted. The mobs smashed the been men at the right time ready to face a nation full-yea, a world full-

## Beware of Overprudence.

How many there are who give too much time to watching the weather vane and studying the barometer! Make up your mind what you are going to do and then go ahead and do it. There always will be hindrances. It is a moral disaster if you allow prudence to overmaster all the other graces. The Bible makes more of courage and faith and perseverance than it does of caution. It is not once a year that the great ocean steamers fail to sail at the appointed time because of the storm signals. Let the weather bureau prophesy what hurricane or cyclone it may, next Wednesday, next Thursday, next Saturday, the steamers will put out from New York and Philadelphia and Boston harbors and will reach Liverpool and Southampton and Glasgow and Bremen, their arrivals as certain as their embarkation. They cannot afford to consult the wind, nor can you in your life voyage.

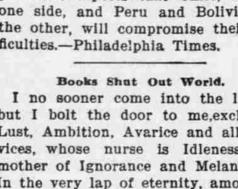
The grandest and best things ever accomplished have been in the teeth of hostility. Consider the grandest enterprise of the eternities-the salvation of a world. Did the Roman empire send up invitation to the heavens inviting the Lord to descend amid vociferations of welcome to come and take possession of the most capacious and ornate of the palaces and sail Galilee with richest imperial flotilla and walk over flowers of Solomon's gardens, which were still in the outskirts of Jerusalem? No. It struck him with insult as soon as it could tounding metaphor that may be quoted reach him. Let the camel drivers in as descriptive of those who do evil: ment as a criminal in the courts! See sleepless nights on cold mountains! See him hoisted into a martyrdom at which the noonday cowled itself with Make Opportunities. Young man, you have planned what you are going to be and do in the world, but you are waiting for circumstances to become more favorable. You are like the farmer in the text, observing the wind. Better start now. Obstacles will help you if you on the sickle for the reaping, and there conquer them. Cut your way through. Peter Cooper, the millionaire philanthropist, who will bless all succeeding centuries with the institution he founded, worked for five years for \$25 tide, so tired were they, so very tired. a year and his board. Henry Wilson, No, no; your harvest will be reaped the Christian statesman who commanded the United States senate with out any besweating of your brow. the gavel of the vice presidency, wrote Christ in one of his sermons told how of his early days: "Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me \$84. In the first month after I was 21 years of age I went into the woods, drove a team and cut mill logs. arose in the morning before daylight and worked hard till after dark and received the magnificent sum of \$6 for the month's work. Each of those dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks tonight." Wonderful Henry Wilson! But that was not his original name. He changed his name because he did not want on him the blight of a drunken father. As the vice president stood in my pulpit in Brooklyn, making the last address he ever made, and commended the religion of Christ to the young men of that city, I thought to myself, "You yourself are the sublimest spectacle I ever saw of victory over obstacles." For thirty years the wind blew the wrong way, yet he did not observe the wind, but kept right on sowing.

an almighty foot, for God hath promised: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder. The young lion and the Columbus, by calculation, made up his mind that there must be a new that there is a great success for you somewhere to balance your great struggle. Do not think that your case windows of the Duke of Wellington while his wife lay dead in the house.

Christ's Fathomiess Mercy.

Whether in your life it is a south wind, or a north wind, a west wind or an east wind that is now blowing, do you not feel like saying: "This whole subject I now decide. Lord God, through thy Son, Jesus Christ, my Savior, I am thine forever. I throw myself, reckless of everything else, into the fathomless ocean of thy mercy."

"But," says some one in a frvolous and rollicking way, "I am not like the farmer you find in your text. 1 do not watch the wind. What do I care about the weather vane? I am sowing now." What are you sowing, my brother? Are you sowing evil habits? Are you sowing infidel and atheistic beliefs? Are you sowing hatreds, revenges, discontents, unclean thoughts or unclean actions? If so, you will raise a big crop-a very big crop. The farmer sometimes plants things that do not come up, and he has to plant them over again. But those evil things that you have planted will take root and come up in harvest of disappointment. in harvest of pain, in harvest of despair, in harvest of fire. Go right through some of the unhappy homes of Washington and New York and all the cities, and through the hospitals and penitentiaries, and you will find stacked up, piled together, the sheaves of such an awful harvest. Hosea, one of the first of all the writing prophets, although four of the other prophets are put before him in the canon of Scripture, wrote an as-



Sunlocks struggled on a little longer, and then the power of life fell low in him, and he could walk no farther. "Let me go," he said, "I will lie down here awhile.'

And when Jason had dropped him gently to the ground, thinking he meant to rest a little and then continue his journey, Sunlocks said, very gently:

"Now, save yourself. I am only a burden to you. Escape, or you will be captured and taken back."

"What?" cried Jason, "and leave you here to die?"

"That may be my fate in any case," said Sunlocks faintly, "so go, brother -go-farewell-and God bless you!"

"Courage," whispered Jason again. "I know a farm not far away, and the good man that keeps it. He will give us milk and bread; and we'll sleep under his roof tonight, and start afresh in the morning."

But the passionate voice fell on a deaf ear, for Sunlocks was unconscious before half the words were spoken. Then Jason lifted him to his shoulder once more, and set out for the third time over the rocky waste.

It would be a weary task to tell of the adventures that afterwards befell him. In the fading sunlight of that day he crossed trackless places, void of any sound or sight of life; silent, save for the horse croak of the raven; without sign of human foregoer, except some pryamidal heaps of stones, that once served as mournful sentinels to point the human scapegoat to the cities of refuge.

He came up to the lake and saw that it was poisonous, for the plovers that flew over it fell dead from its fumes; and when he reached the farm he found it a ruin, the good farmer gone, and his hearth cold. He toiled through mud and boggy places, and crossed narrow bridle paths along perpendicular sides of precipices. The night came on as he walked, the short night of that northern summer, where the sun never sets in blessed darkness | cret, and the true soul kept it. tat weary eyes may close in sleep, but a blood-red glow burns an hour in the northern sky at midnight, and then the bright rises again over the unrested world. He was faint for bread, and athirst for water, but still he struggled on-on-on-over the dismal chaos.

Sometimes when the pang of thirst was strongest he remembered what he had heard of madness that comes of it-that the afflicted man walks round in a narrow circle, round and round over the self-same place (as if the devil's bridle bound him like an unbroken horse) until nature fails and he faints and falls. Yet thinking of the prisoner-priest hurried up to the himself so, in that weary spot, with | farm where she lived, and said, "I have Sunlocks over him, he shuddered, but | sad news for you; forgive me; pristook heart of strength and struggled | oner A25 has met with an accident."

two moments of complete sensibility. of months went to the winds in an

to remember that one word from her would turn it to glory and to joy. "If only I dare tell," she would whis-

per into her babe's ear again and again. "If I only dare!"

But it's father's name she never uttered, and so with pride for her secret, and honor for her disgrace, she clung the closer to both, though they were sometimes hard to bear, and she thought a thousand times they were a loving and true revenge on him that had doubted her love and told her she had married him for the poor glory of his place.

Not daring to let herself to be seen within range of the Sulphur Mines, she

sought out the prisoner priest from time to time, where he lived in the partial liberty of the Free Command, and learned from him such good tidings of her husband as came his way. The good man knew nothing of the identity of Michael Sunlocks in that world of bondage where all identity was lost, save that A25 was the husband of the woman who waited without. But that was Greeba's sole se-

And soon the long winter passed, and the summer came, and Greeba was content to live by the side of Sunremembered that while she was looking for love into the eyes of their child, he was slaving like a beast of burden; but waiting, waiting, waiting, withal for the chance-she knew not what-that must release him yet, she knew not when.

an awful blow came with it. One day are among the largest soap factories Two or three patriotic men, at the risk

She did not stay to hear more, but And all this time Sunlocks lay inert with her child in her arms she hurand lifeless on his shoulder, in a deep | ried away to the Mines, and there in unconsciousness that was broken by the tempest of her trouble the secret

eventually saved all three.

Vegetarian Objects to Vaccination. for we are vegetarians, you know."

## Men Who Have Many Patents.

out a hundred or more each of United States patents since the beginning of the year 1872. Mr. Edison leads all, with 742 patents; Professor Elihu Thomson is credited with 444 and Mr. Westinghouse and Sir Hiram S. Maxim both occupy high places on this roll of honor.

# Initial "J" in Late Hurly-Burly.

It is noted that the initial letter J played a conspicuous part in the names of those who were to the fore in Wall street's recent hurly-burly. J. Pierpont Morgan, J. R. Keene, J. J. Hill, J. Stillman, J. Schiff, J. H. Moore, J. W. Gates, J. Loeb and George J. Gould are some of the more notable instances.

## Growth of the Beard.

It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one and a half lines a week. This will give a length of six and a half inches in the course of a year. For a man 80 hearing. But the wind blew from a years of age no less than twenty-seven stormy direction that Sabbath day. That feet of beard must have fallen before the edge of the razor.

## Lady Educator's Honorable Position.

Miss Beale has been elected to the senate of the University of London locks, content to breathe the air he board, having received the largest breathed, to have the same sky above number of votes of the seventeen canher, to share the same sunshine and didates for the position. Miss Beale the same rain, only repining when she is the founder and principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

### Soap Factories in Barcelona.

In the province of Barcelona in Spain there are over 100 soap factories, including the extensive works of and the impeachment of the president Her great hour came at length, but the firm of Rocamora Hermanos, which of the United States was demanded. of Europe. Their soap is manufactured almost exclusively for export, Cuba being the best market.

### Former Minister to China.

Colonel Charles Lenby, former min- lamity and would have put every sub-

Lacked Courage of Convictiou.

Communities and churches and nations sometimes are thrown into hysteria, and it requires a man of great equipoise to maintain a right position. Thirty-three years ago there came a time of bitterness in American politics. of losing their senatorial position, stood out against the demand of their political associates and saved the coun-

try from that which all people of all parties now see would have been a ca-

# Defy Your Antagonists.

The Earl of Alsatia, a favorite of Edward III. of England, had excited the jealousy of other courtiers, and one time, while the king was absent, they persuaded the queen to turn a ister to China, is said to have a knowl- sequent president at the mercy of his lion loose in the court to test the

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Some one has said, "Children may be strangled, but deeds never."

There are other persons who truthfully say: "I am doing the best I can. The clouds are thick and the wind blows the wrong way, but I am sowing prayers and sowing kindnesses and sowing helpfulness and sowing hopes of a better world." Good for you, my brother, my sister! What you plant will come up. What you sow will rise into a harvest the wealth of which you will not know until you go up higher. I hear the rustle of your harvest in the bright fields of heaven. The soft gales of that land, as they pass, bend the full headed grain in curves of beauty. It is golden in the light of a sun that never sets. As you pass in you will not have to gird will be nothing to remind you of weary husbandmen toiling under hot summer sun on earth and lying down under the shadow of the tree at noonwithout any toil of your hands, withyour harvest will be gathered when he said, "The reapers are the angels."

GROWTH OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

## Ships Now Carry from 125 to 225 Cabin Passengers.

The marked increase in the volume of ocean steamship travel of late years has occasioned extended comment among agents of trans-Atlantic lines. It is said that many Americans make six or more trips a year to the other side, where formerly they did not cross at all. Englishmen and Germans who are engaged in the manufacturing trades, industrials and even food raising, visit this side much oftener now. Quite a few come to look around with an idea of ascertaining how Americans have made such gigantic commercial strides in such a short time, but the great majority, realizing the necessity for adopting American methods where practicable, come here to purchase machinery and the like without which it would be impossible for them to copy Yankee thrift and industry. Not nearly so common on the ocean ships as he was five or ten years ago is the English ranchman bound for the far west. He is now in the mining or engineering business in Mexico and Central America, although there are still many Britons engaged in the cattle raising business out west and throughout Canada. Some of the older vessels of our line shipped a

In the first of these he said:	instant.	edge of the Chinese language and liter-	opponents. It only required the waiting	earl's courage. The earl rising at	large number of mules and horses that
"I must have been dreaming, for I	"Where is he?" she oried. "Let me	ature equaled by but few persons in	of a few months, when time itself re-	break of day, as was his custom, came	were sent to South Africa from New
thought I had found my brother."	see him. He is my husband."	this country. He speaks the higher	moved all controversy.	into the courtyard and met the lion,	Orleans for English army service. It
"Your brother?" said Jason.	"Your husband!" said the warders.	sort of Chinese dialects almost as a	"Let us have war with England if	and the jealous courtiers from the	was surprising to discover what a big
"Yes, my brother; for I have got one.			needs be," said the most of the people	and the jealous courtiers from the	percentage of these animals came from
though I have never seen him," said	and without more ado they laid hands	native and reads the language quite	of our northorn states in 1981 when	windows watched the scene. The lion,	the ranches of Eaclishes came from
Sunlocks. "We were not together in		as well as he does English.	of our northern states in 1861, when	with bristling hair and a growl, was	the ranches of Englishmen who had
childhood, as other brothers are, but			mason and Shden, the distinguished	ready to spring upon the earl when	settled in the north and west. Where
when we grew to be men I set out in	"This woman," they said, "turns out	This Woman Practices Law.	southerners, had been taken by our	he, undaunted, shouted to the monster,	ships in the past were satisfied with
search of him. I thought I had found		Miss Mary Philbrok, New Jersey's	navy from the British steamer Trent	"Stand, you dog!" Then the lion	sixty or seventy-five cabin passengers
him at last—but it was in hell."	"As I suspected," the Captain an-	first woman lawyer, appeared before	and the English government resented	couched, and the earl took it by the	each trip at this season they are carry-
"God-a-mercy!" cried Jason	swered.		the act of our government in stopping	mane and turned it back into the cage,	ing from 125 to 225 now, if not one
"And when I looked at him," said	"Where is my husband?" Greeba	the New Jersey court of errors and			way, certainly the other. The number
		appeals recently to argue the case of		leaving his handkerchief on the neck	of buyers who are contsantly on the
Sunlocks, "it seemed to me that he was		a client. It was the first time in the		of the monster, and, looking up in tri-	deep her house contsantly on the
you. Yes, you; for he had the face of	"First tell me why you came to this	history of this court that a woman ap-	the north "De not size them up Tet	umph to the jealous courtiers, who he	deep has become enormous. Naturally
my yoke-fellow at the Mines. I thought	Freedom Free	peared at its bar.	the north. "Do not give them up. Let	knew were watching from the win-	Canada has benefited by this eagerness
you were my brother indeed."	"To be near my husband," said		us have war with England rather than	dows, cried out, "Let him among you	to patronize American methods and
"Sit still, brother," whispered Jason;	Greeba.	Woman Superintendent of Schools.	surrender them." Then William H.	all that prideth himself on his pedigree	manufactures and she is sending
"lie still and rest."	"Escaped!" cried Greeba, with a look	Miss Helen Bennett of Deadwood, S.	Seward, secretary of state, faced one	go and fetch that handkerchief." And	drummers abroad. The ideal drum-
In the second moment of his con-		D., has been elected a county superin-	of the fiercest storms of public opinion	you, young man, will find a lion in	mers' lair is no longer the American
sciousness Sunlocks said, "Do you	to face of the men about her. "Then		ever seen in this or any other country.	your way, perhaps turned loose by the	Pullman car, but the smoking saloon
think the judges will listen to us?"	it is not true that he has met with an	tendent of public schools. She is a	Seeing that the retention of those two		
"Nothing else?"	accident. Thank God, oh! thank	graduate of Wellesley, and for several		jealousy of those who would enjoy	of the big trans-Atlantic liner.
"Nothing."	God!" And she clutched her child	years has been manager of a theater	try and that their retention would put	your ruin. But in the strength of God	
"Who is this other man?" asked the	closer to her breast, and kissed it.	in Deadwood.		make that lion couch. By God's help	The magistrate should obey the
Captain.	"We know nothing of that either	the second s	Great Britain and the United States in-	you can do it and defy and challenge	laws, the people should obey the
"What man?" said Greeba.	way," said the Captain. "But tell us	Never put off till tomorrow the cred-	to immediate conflict, he said, "We	your antagonists. The Earl of Alsatia	magistrate.
Then they told her that her husband	who and what is this other man? His	itor you can put off for thirty days.	give them up." They were given up,	conquered the lion by stoutness of	the second s
was gone, having been carried off by a	number here was B25. His name is		and through the resistance of popular	voice and the glare of eye, but you	It is a mistake to set up our own
fellow-prisoner who had effected the		Weighty questions ask for deliberate	clamor by that one man a world-wide		standard of right and wrong, and
escape of both of them.	"Jason?" she cried.		calamity was averted.		
				fered strength of an almighty arm and	Judge people accordingly.